

HAWAII



HALLOCK



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HAWAII



ROYAL PALM AVENUE IN 1911, HONOLULU

PACIFIC ISLANDS

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1911

HAWAII

UNDER KING KALAKAUA

FROM PERSONAL
EXPERIENCES OF
LEAVITT H HALLOCK

PORTLAND MAINE
SMITH & SALE PUBLISHERS
1911

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FOR EWORD

THIS is not a guide book, nor a story of to-day!

Yesterday Hawaii was a foreign kingdom; to-day it is an out-lying territory of the American Republic.

The crown has departed; the king is dead; the simple children of the sea are civilized, over-run by Orientals, displaced by foreigners, decimated by disease, transformed by travel, and caught in the swirl of a tidal wave sweeping in from other lands and spoiling the bloom of their primitive simplicity.

Politics, social functions, commercialism and immigration have turned Honolulu cosmopolitan; annexation has made it, on the highway of the seas, a strategic United States military port of the Pacific.

FOREWORD

To turn back a leaf; to recall and re-touch the fading negative of the dimming yesterday is the aim of this book; to save from oblivion a people that are passing; to review conditions that have already passed, and to outline some natural and scenic beauties that will never pass, has been the author's purpose, hoping thus to give the reader a pleasing hour, not altogether without profit.

The giant volcanoes, the matchless cloud-land and the superb climate still offer their perennial charms in this Paradise of tourists, while now the telephone, the trolley and the automobile add their comforts also to the abounding wealth and luxury of beautiful Honolulu.

Aloha Nui! Bright gem of the Pacific!

LEAVITT H. HALLOCK

Lewiston, Maine, 1911

HAWAII



IN FRONT OF THE HOTELS ON WAIKIKI BEACH, HONOLULU

HAWAII

SAN FRANCISCO TO HAWAII AND A NIGHT WITH THE VOLCANOES

FAR to the seaward end of the Pacific Mail Company's wharf in San Francisco Bay, lay a trim iron steamship flying the "Union Jack" and lying like a duck in graceful length of four hundred feet, awaiting the hour of "eight bells" to begin her flight to the Great Southwest, New Zealand and Australia, touching at Honolulu the eighth day out.

Coaches, carriages and carts crowded the dock, and Chinamen, porters and officers mingled confusing shouts until "All ashore that's goin' ashore!" rang along the deck, the plank was lifted, and majestically the floating palace moved from her moorings and pointed for the Golden Gate.

Slowly skirting the city front, leaving on her left the thronged streets, Banks of gold, "Nob Hill" and the mansions of millionaires and all the dreary sand-dunes; thirty

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miles of the finest of harbors at her stern, she threaded her way amid Russian and Italian frigates, craft flying the colors of Japan, of South America and all lands; for this is a cosmopolitan port and the keels of the world ride here.

Two hours pass, and we have left astern that bay of beauty besieged by soft brown hills: bold abutments frown two thousand feet high upon our right, guns gape at us from sand-encircled forts at our left as we pass through God's Golden Gate, and meet old ocean's waves rolling in straight from Japan's distant shore.

Now the grand blue ocean lies trackless before us: the solitary Farallone Islands lift their bird-thronged, pinnacled heights on our starboard; we have watched the tumbling sea-lions till distance hid their strange gambols, and I am sitting with my friend on the hurricane deck. I note that our course is due southwest, and reflect that the "long-roll" of the sea is sad music to a landsman. We both grow solemn; my friend is sketching the last real estate she

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will see for two thousand miles : her hand seems to tremble ; she pales a little, and suddenly asks, "Are you going down?" "O no!" I replied, "Do you feel sick?" "Not at all," said she meekly, but very soon, by a common but unseen impulse came the exclamation, "I 'm going down!" and we two went tumultuously below and were lost to sight for two days, during which it was no concern of ours whether we went to Honolulu or twenty leagues under the sea. Neptune received tribute ; outgoes were large ; income reduced to a teaspoonful of beef tea and the unwelcome aroma of a cup of coffee, but at last the ordeal was over and the third day returned us on deck, whiter and lighter than before and much happier. One by one faint ladies and pale men appear, whom one is tempted to ask "When did you come on board?"

Now we catch the exhilaration of the scene ; to the far horizon level roll the great blue waves, white-crested and majestic ; the crisp air is a tonic and the cigar-

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shaped steamer rocks us pitilessly in the cradle of the deep.

To-day the sails are up, with curving lines of sunlight glinting on their swell fronts; the long line of black smoke lies, a giant cable, from smokestack to horizon, and under it the white trail of sea-foam in the vessel's wake. Convalescent passengers are chatting together in graceful groups, while some energetic hero is lunging along the deck for his precious health. Such a cosmopolitan company it was! they talked as familiarly of London and Edinburgh, of Melbourne and Tasmania, of the statesmen of England and of Germany as we New Englanders do of New York and Boston, of Portland and Bangor. It made one feel that a trip across the continent is but a holiday run, and we, going only to Honolulu — a mere matter of five or six thousand miles — were but way passengers.

Bright, social days came and went and the commonest events of our everyday home life were as entertaining tales from a

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far land. Speaking of Connecticut, a very intelligent English officer from Australia asked, "Connecticut! where is Connecticut? is it in Boston?"

Then came moonlight nights with the glory of a golden pathway to the Infinite on the glistening wave: deck promenades with New Zealand ladies and men from the Highlands of Scotland; harps and glees and yarns; then the softening breath of the coming tropics, and the days sped only too swiftly until on the morning of the eighth our breakfast was shortened by the shout "Land ahead!" and everyone rushed on deck to see the strange outline of the far-away isles and to welcome the solid earth once more.

Ah! there is Maui, the nearest island, lifting its grand old truncated cone ten thousand feet above the surf in weird sublimity. An hour more and we sight Oahu and the port of Honolulu.

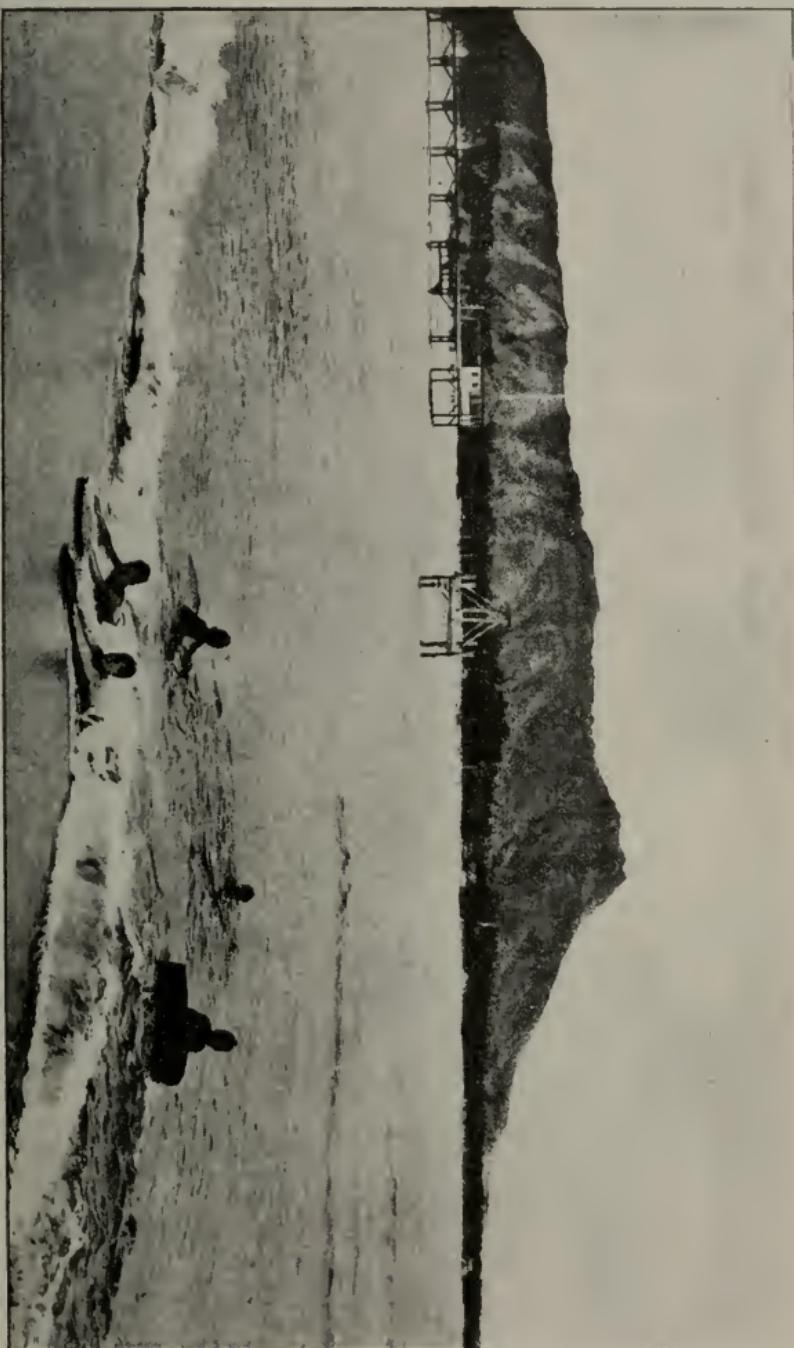
The first and distant view is disappointing, but the red and grey ridges of volcanic rock improve as we draw near, for amid

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their scorched and weather-beaten heights we catch a glimpse of cool, fern-lined gulches bright with the pea-green of the ku-kui trees and dashed with sparkling waterfalls; cocoanut trees flinging their "feather-duster plumes" aloft fringe the shore; flying fish glance out of the waves like phantoms, one of them landing on our deck for inspection, and presently we round that barren and imposing old land-mark, "Diamond Head," an extinct crater projecting five miles into the sea, and are making the harbor.

Before us lie the green slopes and rich foliage of the vine-embowered city of Honolulu, across an emerald transparency of clear water where beautiful branching coral, seeming to wave with the surface ripples, throws strange light up from the green and white garden below. Now the boats, then the cables, and with becoming dignity we glide up to the long wharf and are in King Kalakaua's dominions.

Already we have had a glimpse of island life, for about a mile from the dock



DIAMOND HEAD FROM WAIKIKI BEACH

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a crowd of half-grown molasses-candy-colored boys appeared in Nature's first swimming costume, floating, yelling, and diving in high glee. A silver coin thrown from the deck caused the instant disappearance of every head, the sudden apparition of twice as many feet, and a few seconds later the howling lads came up, shaking the water from their eyes, and the successful diver held aloft the prize brought up from forty feet of water, tucked it into his cheek (the only pocket available) and lustily called for more ; thus gallantly were we escorted into port.

Once within the wharf gates, lo ! an abundance of native express wagons, with coppery drivers waiting in silent patience for customers ! bronzed men, and large-bodied, lounging women watched us curiously, smiling at our hurry and our bustling anxiety. *They* never hurry ; it is n't congenial to their climate, or their character.

Stroll with me up the streets of this strange, green-canopied city, more like a wide park than a town. Its lanes are narrow

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near the sea but spread out into beautiful broad, shaded avenues above, lined with large, rambling houses, independent of foundations or chimneys,— they need neither,— and mantled with luxuriant drapery of vines. Here are graceful pepper trees, feathery tamarinds, umbrella trees, and royal palms that spread out vase-like at the base, and are straight as an arrow, with plumes for tops; slender cocoanuts from fifty to sixty feet high, laden with fruit that hangs by a long, tough stem, like fibrous cordline: I climbed a tree and detached a nut with much difficulty. The “milk” is always cool and the fruit is most delicious when soft and green, and is eaten with a spoon.

There are luscious bananas drooping in heavy clusters under wide, shredded leaves; papayas with fruit like a musk melon, and that queen of the tropics the mango tree, literally burdened with its weight of sweetness. The fruit resembles an inverted pear outside, a yellow peach within; it is good raw or cooked, in sauce or to make “apple pies” of; it has a taste like—tur-



AVENUE OF ROYAL PALMS HONOLULU



UNDER KING KALAKAU A

pentine, but is really delicious for all that and very healthful. I saw a young lady eat a whole dish full of them — thirteen — before retiring, and she was at breakfast next morning.

Swarms of brown men are everywhere, and women too in wide single gowns of brightest calico, cut with a broad yoke before and behind alike, gathered at the yoke and hanging to the feet, full and flowing at their own sweet will, unbelted and untucked ; they have no waist line and are without a ruffle, comfortable no doubt to the wearer in that warm climate, but a trifle embarrassing to a stranger who happens to meet any of them when the wind puffs them up like a balloon and they take up all the sidewalk. *The Delineator* had few subscribers among the kanakas, for the fashion had not changed for sixty years, and this is the style of dress first introduced by the early missionaries. Picturesque in the extreme are the streets, full of horses galloping wildly and mounted by women astride whose flowing robes stream

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far behind them, whose brown brows are crowned with the inevitable wreath of bright flowers—stemless, and threaded like beads on a string—and their faces aglow with exhilaration as they ride at break-neck speed through the city.

Down town are petty stores kept by half-whites and “celestials” talking broken-china English, selling war-clubs and fans, pink and white coral from the South Seas, and nicknacks of native handiwork made from beads and mimosa seeds, some of which are very attractive.

There are better stores up town; a hundred thousand dollar hotel; a post-office thronged on “steamer days”—but otherwise dull. We pass good government buildings, the king’s palace, several churches, and find ourselves in Nuaana Avenue, the pride of Honolulu whose houses ramble luxuriantly, festooned with vines and filled with generous hospitality.

A seven-mile gallop along the broad and beautiful Nuaana Avenue leads us through the suburbs, green fields and out-cropping

ROYAL HAWAIIAN HOTEL, HONOLULU



UNDER KING KALAKAUA

rocks, to the famous "pali" or precipice. The approach grows rugged until it lies amid abrupt grey and red shafts lifting their high peaks from carpets of green and crowned with the brilliant marks of their volcanic birth. The rocks on either hand close in like a gateway, and as we pass into the narrowing gorge we are suddenly arrested with our feet on the very edge of a precipice a thousand feet high, beyond which opens a vista of surpassing beauty. The widening valley at our feet spreads out into luxuriant meadows and sugar-cane fields, with here and there the tall chimney of a sugar mill. Yonder dwells a Grace of cocoanut groves shaking her waving locks over grass huts and the eternal summer sea. On the shore nestles a village with its native church; canoes with "out-riggers" skim the waves, and beyond is the never-dying line of snowy surf glistening in the sunlight, echoed by all the white-caps of the sea afar; and over the scene of beauty, tropic's fair trees, low brown homes and distant lava cones, there lies a soft haze as of

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Indian summer's best, and the dim horizon is level with the meeting of earth and sky, save that on clearest of days the mighty slope of God's great pyramid of Haleakala lifts its long blue outline like an arrested wave of the sea suddenly stayed from some old passing storm.

Leisurely returning to the city we sleep under netting, for Honolulu is a mosquito's paradise: there are two kinds, relieving each other by day and night so that no time is lost. I called on a lady who was sitting within an "umbrella netting" sewing, while I remained outside and fought my innumerable foes with a lively fan.

A few days of dining and driving and of social fellowship with delightful Honolulu families convinced us that there is nowhere to be found better society or a more perfect example of genuine hospitality than in that beautiful island city.

One afternoon we boarded a little steamer for Maui seventy miles distant, and in an hour thereafter were in mid-channel receiving the full worth of our passage money

UNDER KING KALAKAUA

in as much pitching and tossing as any line of channel steamers can afford. Sounds of general disenchantment emerge from the cabin, reënforced by the voice of the wise who chose to lie on deck under the balmy night sky, feeling no trace of chill in the soft sea air. Being among the latter I watched our approach, at half past three in the morning, to the fairy city Lahaina, sheltered by ancient bread-fruit trees and guarded, like every island port, by a coral reef which keeps steamers a mile away and compels all landing or lading to be done with small boats.

What a morning that was on deck in the dim starlight! Sleepers, white and brown, are lying about; the idle-flapping sails, the deep-breathing engine, the dip of strong oars fading away toward the shore, the tremulous roar of breakers, the solemn heights of the giant volcano before us, the North Star hugging the horizon, the Southern Cross low in the heavens, combined to make that scene on the waves in the small hours of the night, six thousand miles

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from home, weird and beautiful beyond description. When passengers had been finally exchanged we head to windward, round the island's rocky point, and at eight o'clock the throbbing engine rests and boats begin to ply ashore at Kahului.

Horses were in waiting and we were soon transported up the volcano's slope, through jungles of prickly pear and broad fields of sugar-cane that stretch as far as the eye can reach ; fields that yield from three to seven tons of sugar to the acre, unsurpassed in all the world. Here we pass the Haiku plantation, owned by sons of the venerable missionary Alexander. The father went to the ends of the earth to save souls ; his sons, on the same soil, became worth a million. Thus does God sometimes fulfil His promise of "an hundred fold in this present time."

Sugar is the principal crop of the islands whose deep volcanic soil and warm even climate are admirable for its growth. The crop grows from eighteen to twenty months, from twelve to fifteen feet high, larger



SURF CANOEING, NEAR DIAMOND HEAD



UNDER KING KALAKAUA

round than my wrist; and when mature the leaves are stripped, the stalks crushed in rollers, the juice boiled with the refuse cane for fuel, and good sugar turned out at the rate of ten tons a day from a single mill.

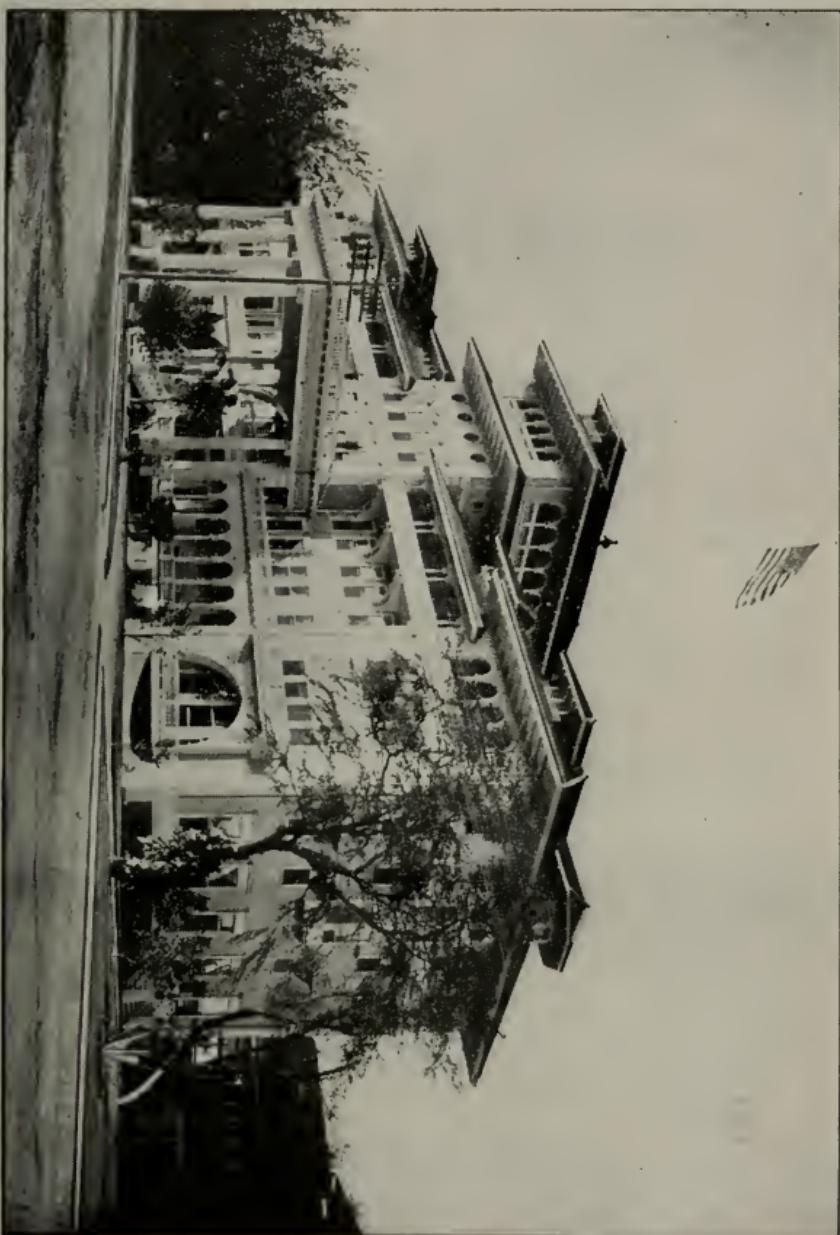
Land suitable for sugar cane is limited in area, in part by the conformation of the surface and in part by the limited rain-fall. On one side of an island, for instance, is an abundance of rain, while the opposite side is as barren as an ash heap. This is caused by the impact of the moisture-laden trade winds upon the lofty peaks producing mechanical pressure, condensation and rain, like squeezing water from a sponge. Once over the summit there is expansion and no rain. The windward side is of great value, while the leeward side in its natural state is comparatively worthless, having no rain for ten months in the year. This peculiarity makes the climatic conditions most treacherous; for on the "wet side" on a bright day this sudden gusty condensation will occur without warning and you are drenched in ten minutes; as

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suddenly it clears and the sun shines again. This process may be repeated a dozen times in a day, and one should always be provided with wraps although, in these soft temperatures, such sprinkles are not very disagreeable.

To increase the sugar-producing area immense ditches are dug from the rainy side, running on grade around to the dry slopes. Claus Spreckles, the California sugar king, built an aqueduct twelve feet wide and thirty miles long, bringing water upon his purchase of thirty thousand acres of government land. It was hitherto as dry as dust, "getting up and lying down in another place at the slightest provocation," but is now covered with waving cane, coining money for its owner like a government mint. He told me that he expected to put a million dollars into it, and hoped to "get rich" by it. How much does it take to make a man rich? Answer: "A little more!"

But we must not tarry upon details. Let me give you a general view of the islands



MOANA HOTEL, WAIKIKI BEACH, HONOLULU



UNDER KING KALAKAUA

and the forces that upheaved them, and then outline two or three scenes of wonderful sublimity and beauty whose equal it were hard elsewhere to find.

Twelve islands compose the group stretching in irregular order from northwest to southeast. Four of them are mere rocky ledges; four others are small and sparsely settled, used mostly for sheep pastures. The remaining four are important, viz. :—

I. Kaui, the oldest island, well settled and with few marks of volcanic action.

II. Oahu, on which is the capital city, Honolulu.

III. Maui, formed by the conjunction of two immense extinct volcanoes, connected by a neck of land, and on whose slopes are excellent sugar orchards.

IV. Hawaii, the newest island, larger than all the rest together; hardly done, not yet entirely cold, containing four thousand square miles and formed by three huge volcanoes overlapping each other, Mauna Loa, Mauna Kea and Hualalai.

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These four islands are distant from each other from seventy to one hundred and twenty miles. On your map of the world they are indicated by a few pen points off the coast of South America. A bird's eye view two thousand miles at sea would show a few small bubbles on the fair bosom of the broad Pacific. Careful soundings have developed the fact that here is an immense basin at the bottom of the sea, from the lowest point of which these islands have been uplifted. At this depression the sea is three miles deep and the nearest continent two thousand miles away. It is about latitude twenty degrees north.

Just within the tropics, where sun and sea combine their charms, an unseen hand has thrust up from the depths six thousand square miles of Eden land, standing as high into the heavens as their roots go into the sea; has diversified them with precipice and promontory; has tossed and torn and tormented them; has desolated and decorated them perhaps beyond any spot known to man.



PINEAPPLE PLANTATION, WAHIWA



UNDER KING KALAKAUA

Entirely volcanic in origin, they have been by subterranean throes uplifted, boiling over and augmented by repeated fiery baptisms from within. Coral reefs which form whole islands in the South Pacific are only the added fringes here, supplementing in cold adornment these mighty outcastings from Vulcan's workshop.

We are on the island of Maui. We walk along the green slope parallel to the shore a mile away; it looks but a few rods in the clear, soft air. Then suddenly, just before us is a surprising "gulch." Not a stone or shrub warns us of its existence until it gapes wide at our feet. A multitude of such there are, cutting up the land into strips and triangles in width from a few feet to as many miles, all narrowing from the sea toward the summit.

This Maliko gulch is deep some hundreds of feet, precipitous but green on its floor as a garden of the gods; sheltered from all winds, hot with the tropical sun, it is luxuriant with tangled vegetation and threaded by a singing river that revels and

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plunges in its joyous journey to the sea. Rainbows are there like a necklace for the gods,— bows completing the circle, from our feet over the great aureole, investing us wholly in its glory. Cascades, like fountains of pearls and snow wreaths, leap the precipice, and ferns are there of exquisite beauty, in variety a hundred or more, in size from my fingernail to trees thirty feet high and as broad, with a fronde-stalk that can sustain a man's weight, or matching in fineness of texture the fabric wrought upon her pillow by a lace maker. There are several varieties found only here in all the world, and under one of the tree ferns, three of us on horseback huddled and found shelter from a sudden passing shower.

In the heart of West Maui we stand within an amphitheatre which, with its needle-summits, its lofty, verdant ridges—homes of the wild goats white against the sky,—its congregated peaks and fairy waterfalls, its soft bridal-veils of gossamer cloud and shining fronts of turrets that gleam through trailing mists over green

UNDER KING KALAKAUA

crags moist with ferns, piled up pinnacles basking in the thin blue haze,—creates a scene more enchanting than any Aladdin's palace, hardly seeming to belong to earth.

But we may not tarry in Wailuku Valley, fascinating as it is, for there stands Haleakala, the largest of all this world's craters, and we must climb the grand slope and look down into the sublime depths of this giant lava bowl, the sight of a lifetime. A small party mounted on horses or mules, started up the long, steep ascent, ten thousand feet in one almost unbroken climb. It was high noon and was raining violently when we set out and the air was thick and murky. A few thousand feet elevation took us above the clouds, and we looked down upon the driving mists on which the sunlight played in ever changing variety of tint and shade.

Rugged and rocky, the trail winds over old lava, beds of ashes, among low bushes, growing more barren and forbidding as we ascend. Wild turkeys hide in the bushes, wild goats scud over the rocks, and the day

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wears wearily on as the desolation of that dread summit draws near.

A few minutes before the sun went down we stood upon the craggy edge of the silent abyss. Already the deep night shadows lay heavy within. We tied our horses, panting in the thin air, to a jutting lava-crag, removed their saddles for our pillows, hastily gleaned some twigs of bushes and tufts of dry grass for a spark of fire and looked around. It is almost sunset; behind us is the huge crater, ragged in outline, a half mile deep, seven miles in its shortest diameter, twenty-seven miles around its outer edge,—large enough to spread the city of New York from the Battery to Central Park upon its floor with room to spare, and diversified on its bottom with red lava-cones from fifty to five hundred feet high. The cold night wind puffs up in fitful gusts out of the pit—we are ten thousand feet in the air—and far across the sea loom up in sapphire blue the lofty outlines of Mauna Loa and Mauna Kea on distant Hawaii.

UNDER KING KALAKAUA

Around and in front far below us are oceans of clouds whose fleecy folds and eiderdown depths seem fathomless; fluffy, enfolding upon folds, light as air and white as snow; here rounded and domed, with lofty masses projecting like monumental shafts,—glaciers and grey pinnacled heights. Thin, delicate threads as of white silk fairy-spun, lifted themselves in passing currents, were shone upon,—and vanished. The scene is billowy and beautiful beyond description, and as the sun goes down each rounded mass has caught the glory, and the whole has become “a sea of pure gold, as it were transparent glass.”

The light quickly fades,—twilights are short at that latitude—golden summits deepen into red, then crimson and violet, till the shadows fall. The crater is solemn in the dark,—bottomless now,—while down between the hosts of cloud-battalions without, stretches the darkening slope of Haleakala far out into the deep blue sea, marked by a line of snowy surf

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which breaks over the coral reef, and lies like a plume at her feet. From sea to summit, from the surf to the stars that look down upon the scene, the name of "GOD" appears, traced in sublimest hieroglyphics, and we lie down to broken slumbers on the crater's edge, committing our souls unto "Him who maketh the clouds His chariot; Who walketh upon the wings of the wind."

In the early chill before the dawning the old moon rose and looked upon us; Venus came from her nightly bath in the sea, and we waited, wakeful and shivering, for the sunrise. It came soon after the first streak of horizon light, and with it new wonders. We looked that morning into the great crater filled to the brim with snow-white clouds, around which every broken line of the crater's edge was distinct and dark, in wonder of contrast.

As the sun smiled into the scene the cloud expanded; one little whirl scurried over the edge and down like a reconnoitering scout,—then others followed close,

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and presently, compelled by unseen force of moving currents, as if under silent orders the whole seven-mile procession crowded and tumbled tumultuously over, rushed down the slope till caught up by the trade winds which gathered and strewed them off in horizontal strata of cloud, buttressing the mountain.

The huge crater was clear once more, emptied in an hour. It had been bathed by the night cloud, and now, dried by the sun, the profound abyss in awful solitude remained as we bade it a long good-by and left it alone with God, its Maker. She is cold now,—this old volcano,—for long before the memory of man she had burned herself out, and this is her tomb! And once in a while God spreads the fleeces of the heavens about, lifts high such shafts of monumental whiteness, and tints them with the pencil of the setting sun that He may show to man the glory of His handiwork!

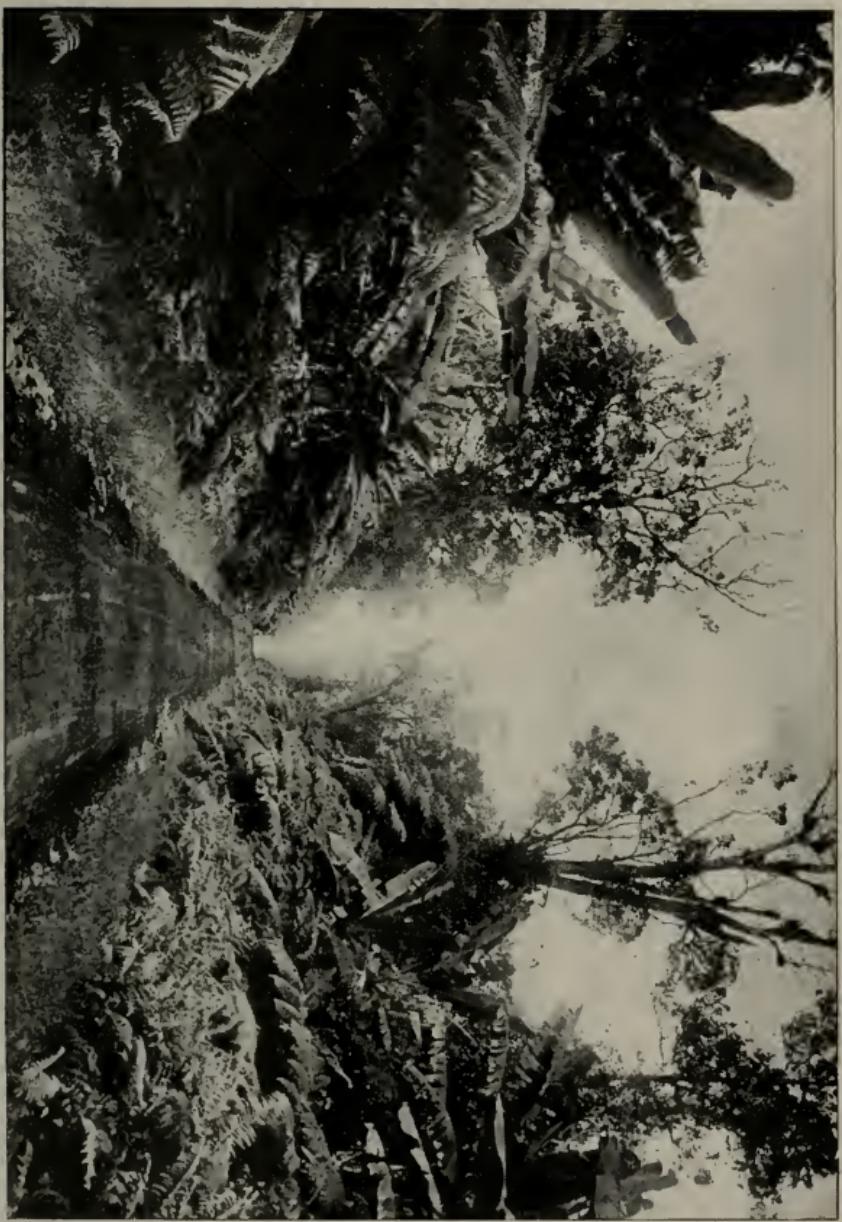
Now we hasten to the beach and take the steamer for Hilo, for we are to drive away

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the chill of a night with the dead volcano by a night and a day at the fires of Kilauea, the largest ever-active volcano in the world; others have mightier spasms, and rest, but Kilauea never rests, though varying much in the degree of its activity.

Twenty-six hours' steaming land us at Hilo, and we are soon mounted for twenty-nine miles of hard riding over fields of modern lava whose rigid billows make wretched work with horses' feet and riders' nerves. It was my honor to be the guest of a most distinguished missionary, "Father Coan," who loaned me his white horse and saddle and waved me his "Aloha" as we passed out from his hospitable gate.

Through the suburbs of fair Hilo, knee-deep with luxuriant grass, through three miles of tropical jungle where vines and trees and ferns conspire to shut out every ray of sunlight, yielding a climate as moist and sweltering as the hottest of hothouses, our journey led. Then began vast areas of lava-beds like congealed billows of a stormy sea,—up-and-down and down-and-



ON ROAD TO VOLCANO OF KILAUEA

UNDER KING KALAKAUA

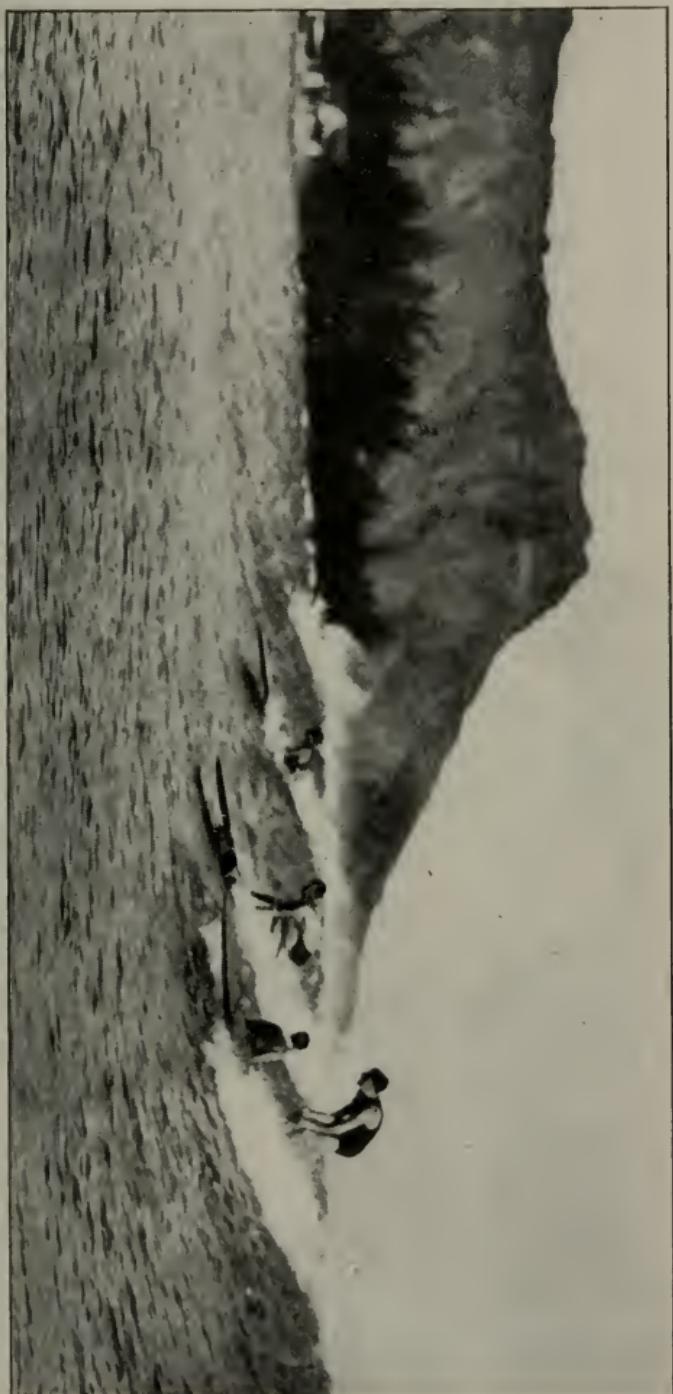
up all the livelong day, relieved only by patches of ferns till nightfall, when lo ! the burning pit glared into the sky-line like a conflagration and the blazing fire on the hearth of a friendly inn showed that we were well up in the cool altitudes. Towering there above us stands Mauna Loa, a gigantic lava-cone fourteen thousand feet high, on whose sloping flank, four thousand feet in elevation, is Kilauea, on the margin of which we make our bed for a night's rest. The crater is three miles in diameter and from five hundred to one thousand feet deep. It stands there in the night and seems to flash the red light of hell into the face of heaven !

We slept on the crater's edge and my room glowed all night with the fires of the pit. From my pillow I could gaze into the glowing sky, and by lifting my head look down into the lake of fiery, liquid lava. The ground around the crater is full of cracks through which steam and sulphurous fumes pour forth, hot and stifling. Over one such crevasse stands a

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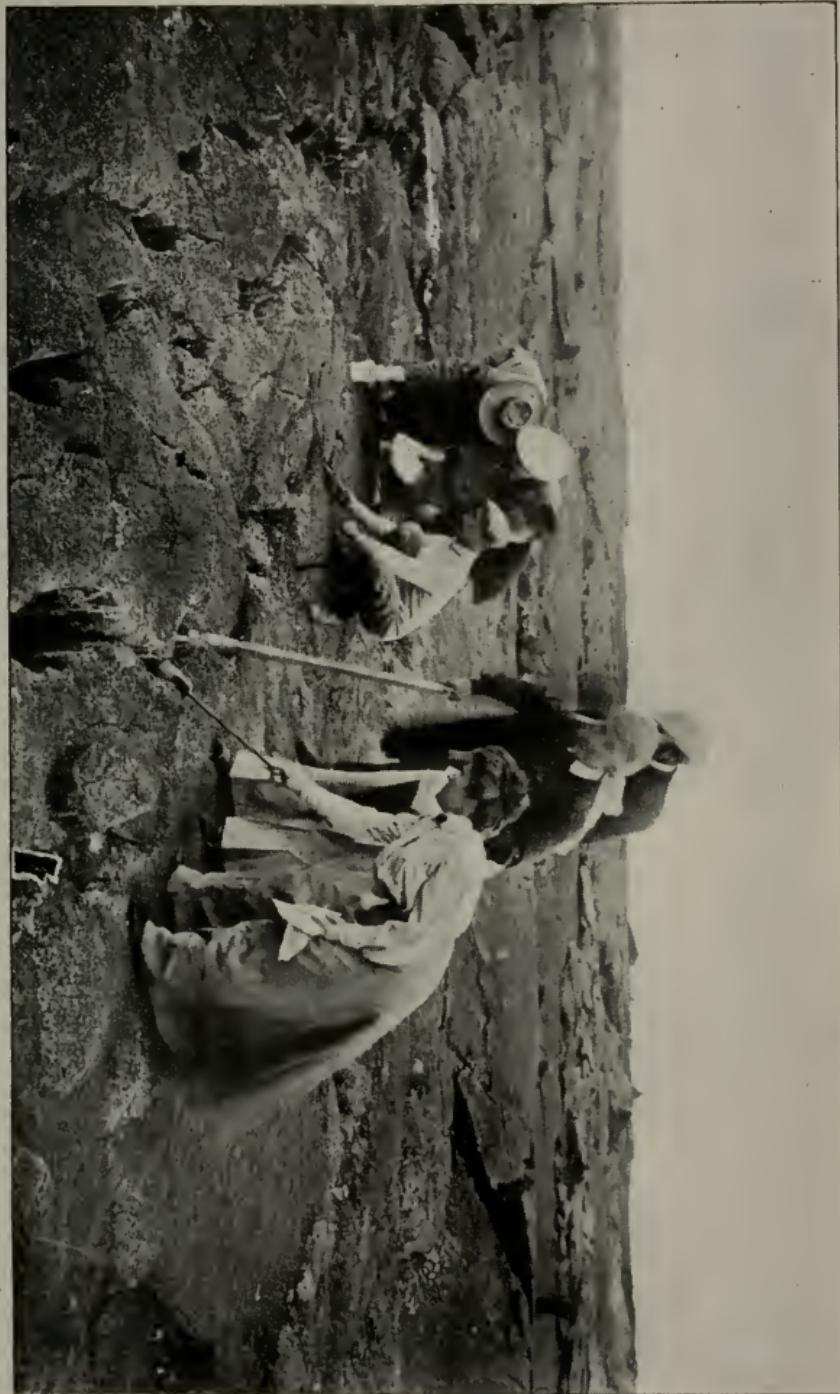
rude hut in which I was recommended to take a steam bath to cure my lameness from the unaccustomed horseback ride. I consented. Being seated within a large box built over the lava crack, in a short moment I shouted a cry of alarm, for it was *hot!!!* We were very near the headquarters of fire and *there was no damper!* Instantly an attendant, fully prepared for such an emergency, drenched me unceremoniously with a full pail of cold water, to my great surprise and relief. The steam was checked, and I confess that, between heat and cold, I did forget my lameness, and, for the moment, everything else—save how to get out! A good night's rest in the friendly inn, furnished with a most readable record by distinguished visitors of their individual experiences in the crater, refreshed us for the morning's exciting climb down the ragged trail and across to the edge of the pit of fire.

We clambered over the ragged ledges into the crater with alpenstock and guide; tramped over miles of heated, crackling



SURF-BOARD RIDING, WAIKIKI BEACH

DIPPING CANES INTO LAVA CRACKS, VOLCANO OF KILAUEA



UNDER KING KALAKAUA

billows with sulphurous fumes puffing up from the fissures. The red, fiery flow was but a few inches beneath our feet through the hissing crust cracked and gaping, and with strange fascination we thrust our canes into the stream and brought them up ablaze and dripping with molten fire. Small, sluggish streams of hot lava creep over the bottom of the crater, cutting off the trail and sending one often on long detours to get from side to side. We tramped three miles on returning, though half that distance had taken us to the pit in the morning. Small lava streams may be safely traversed in twenty-four hours after they cease to flow, but it will scorch ones feet and face. A sudden shower wet nothing but *us*, for each raindrop hissed and burst into steam as it struck the hot lava. Here and there were handfuls of a tow-like substance, real spun glass, blown into shreds by exploding gases, and called "Pele's hair;" she was the goddess of Kilauea.

Now, at last, we have nearly crossed the perilous, burning basin, and stand on

THE HAWAIIAN ISLANDS

the precarious ledge that holds a lake of fire and brimstone, ever surging and hissing, a half mile long and nearly as wide. The surface was several feet below us, black and sullen with here and there glowing spots of red. It seemed to surge and swell and recede, restless as a tormented spirit; then, sudden as a thunder-bolt, a mighty mass of molten lava like blood and fire commingled, burst through the crackling crust aloft and fell in clots and splashes into the lake and on the cliff where we were standing. We ingloriously retreated, our kanaka guide catching one fiery clot adown his back tracing a red scar as it went. Then, as if that were only a signal gun, billows break along the shore; acres of stony crust are tipped on edge, engulfed by the devouring deep,—melted, and vomited forth, and shredded and blown to atoms, amid roar as of stormy breakers. The terrible fiery spasms come and go, and swash and dash in horrible detonations. No mortal can predict its next move. It settled fifteen feet and rose twenty within

BRIDGE ACROSS LAVA CRACK, VOLCANO OF KILAUEA



UNDER KING KALAKAUA

a minute. It started, in a resistless current, as if it would empty itself through the right wall, regardless of the impassable barrier; through some subterranean passage it found vent, but still was full. A hundred tongues of fire licked the air, and settled back again. It seemed a place of demons, as if we gazed into the bottomless pit, fraught with all the horrors of Dante or Fra Angelico.

But this Kilauea is only a tiny breathing hole on the flank of the great volcano. This confusion of fiery throes is but the unquiet breath of the sleeping giant! When Mauna Loa bursts forth from its summit crater and the powers of omnipotence bestir themselves all nature seems to agonize in pain.

In the great eruption of 1868, a stream of fiery lava burst from that lofty summit and shot a thousand feet into the air a fountain two hundred feet in diameter, which continued flowing for three solid weeks unabated. So brilliant were those fireworks that one could easily read the

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finest print out of doors at any time of night at Hilo, distant full forty miles from the summit crater, and the houses of that city seemed as light as day with the red shine of the glowing lava painting the window sash upon the floor.

Oh ! the earthquakes and the terror of that eruption ! For seven months the destructive stream flowed on, devastating hundreds of square miles of Eden land, until it built a lofty promontory far out into the sea and greatly changed the contour of the island. Then it rested ; the giant slumbers still, only now and then at irregular intervals of some twelve years more or less, erupting from its summit crater a mighty volume of fiery lava with spectacular effect : meanwhile it quietly awaits the bidding of its Creator,

“ Who looketh on the earth and it trembleth ;
He toucheth the mountains, and they smoke ! ”

HAWAIIAN HISTORY, CHARACTER AND HABITS OF LIFE

THE authentic history of the Hawaiian Islands begins with the advent of our American missionaries in 1820.

The group was discovered by Captain James Cook, of England in 1773, and was named after Lord Sandwich of the British admiralty, though the natives never took kindly to the name, "Sandwich Islands."

On a subsequent visit Captain Cook lost a boat and went ashore with ten men to recover it or to get satisfaction. A fight ensued in which the captain was killed, and was commonly reported to have been eaten. This is strongly denied by the natives, for they never were cannibals, though they did offer human sacrifices to their idols on occasion. A Hawaiian explained to me that the warriors cut out the captain's heart as the custom was, and hung it on a tree; other natives seeing it there thought it a pig's heart of which they are very fond, and ate

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the human heart unwittingly, a doubtful compliment to the captain. A monument marks the spot of the unfortunate and ill-advised struggle.

Captain Cook estimated the population of the islands at four hundred thousand souls, which was doubtless an exaggeration. The first official census was taken in 1832 and showed one hundred and thirty thousand, which has now dwindled to less than thirty thousand of the true native Hawaiian stock.

European diseases introduced by sailors, had swept off half the inhabitants before the first permanent missionary arrived. Diseases which are comparatively harmless among us, such as measles, chicken pox and the like, are usually fatal to a native Hawaiian. They are mere children, with no good judgment about treatment or remedies when ill. It is nothing uncommon for a native to put on all his clothes on a hot night in a close unventilated hut and sleep in them, with the whole family in one room. A friend once ordered a native

150 Captain Cook's Monument, Hawaii.



CAPTAIN COOK'S MONUMENT

UNDER KING KALAKAUA

with a terrible cough to apply a mustard plaster to his chest. A few hours later he found his patient sitting in a draft, entirely unclothed save for this large mustard plaque some twelve inches too low down! He died the next day.

Leprosy has been a fearful scourge, and still is, though government measures of seclusion have done much to ameliorate conditions there. The western end of the island of Molokai, inaccessible except by sea on account of abrupt cliffs, is set apart as a "leper settlement" and all infected persons are transported thither for life. About eight hundred were colonized there in comfortable quarters and under medical attendance,—unfortunates indeed but well cared for as wards of the government. Father Damien, in the spirit of noble self-sacrifice, has cared for them spiritually.

The traditional story of Hawaii is full of romance and may be told as follows:—

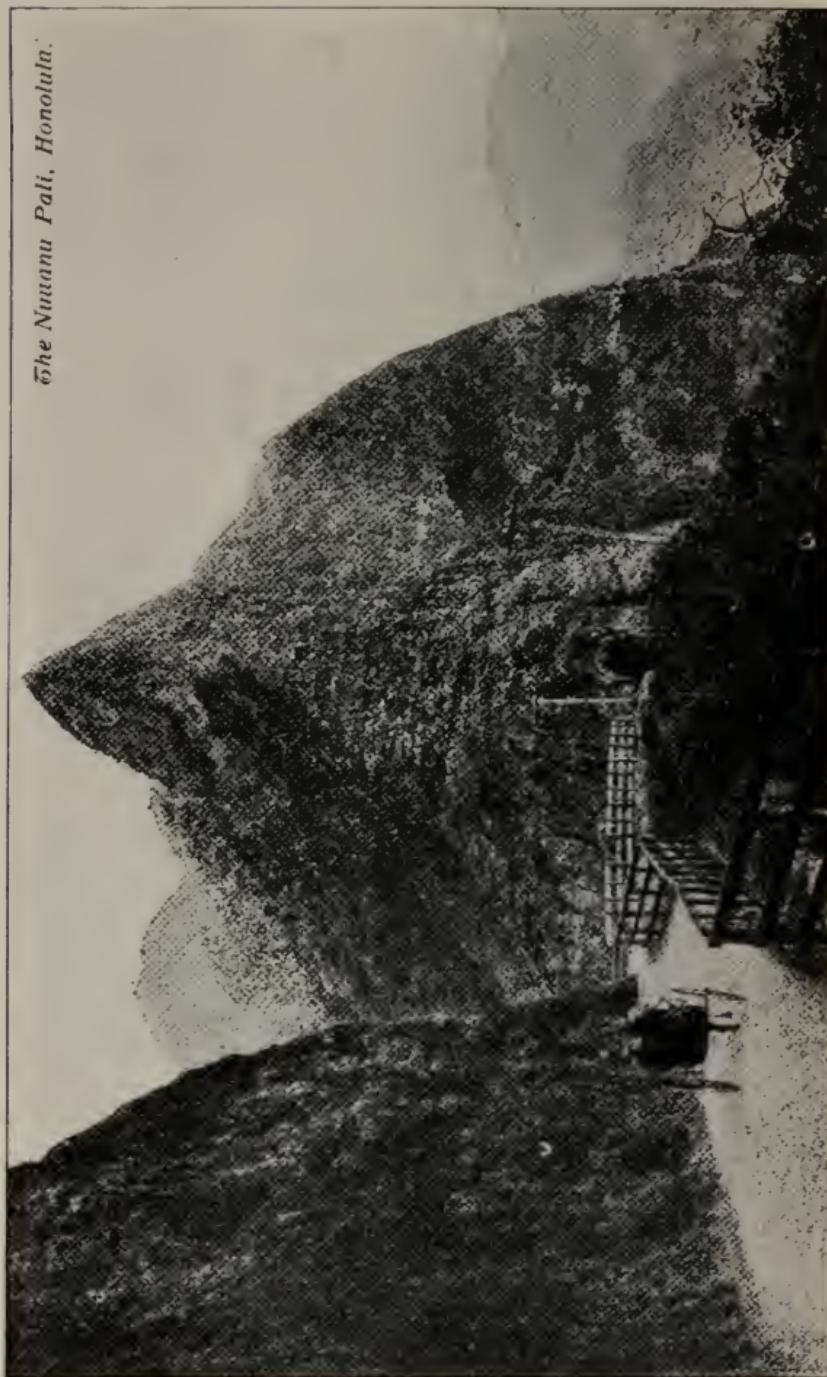
Until 1795, the eight inhabited islands were governed by independent savage chiefs living in constant hostility to each

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other. On Hawaii, the largest island, were six hostile tribes. On the west end of the island was the strongest chief whose name will be spoken with profound reverence as long as a single native Hawaiian lives. It was Kamehameha Nui, — "the great," often called "The Napoleon of the Pacific." Having germinated the microbe of conquest, he first subdued the tribes on Hawaii and then drilled his subjects for the perilous assault upon the lesser islands. The transit of the channels was no less fatal than a battle; and an old native told me how this invincible warrior would take out to sea, a fleet of transport canoes, order every canoe upset, every man overboard, and then, at his word of command, each canoe was righted and its crew re-embarked. Thus he trained his army for emergencies on the wave, and generations of fighting had made them strong for the fray. Ten thousand men he took across the channel seventy miles wide to Maui, in tottering canoes and landed them ready for battle. Severest fighting followed, until he had



ōhe Nuuanu Pali, Honolulu.



THE PALI, OUT NUUANU AVENUE, HONOLULU

UNDER KING KALAKAUA

driven the army of Maui, inch by inch, up into the fairy valley of West Maui, then drew his lines closer and closer about them, till they clustered like bees upon the steep sides of those needle-like shafts, and there he spilled their blood to the last drop ; so that crystal stream, born of a thousand waterfalls, flowed out of the valley red with man's blood to the sea, and ever after it bore the name "Wailuku," — "water of destruction."

Next, this matchless Kamehameha vanquished Oahu, drove its fleeing warriors up the beautiful Nuaana Avenue slope and over the precipice a thousand feet high, and before their groanings ceased he had taken possession of the island. All the other islands soon yielded to the inevitable and the kingdom of Hawaii was established as a unit under its one victorious ruler.

But this king was a man as well as a soldier and distinguished his reign by wonderful deeds for a heathen. He put an end to human sacrifices, encouraged agriculture, appointed governors, enacted laws

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against theft and murder, purchased vessels from foreigners and established commercial relations with accessible nations. Having heard of Christianity and the greatness of the Christian nations, he petitioned England to send Christian teachers to the islands, that his nation also "might become great." He died before the Gospel reached his shores,—dying as he had lived, in the faith of his fathers and saying his last prayers to his red-feathered god Kukailimoku. I looked in sadness upon the crumbling idol temple on western Hawaii, the building of which was his last act of idolatrous architecture, and at its dedication eleven young men drawn by lot from his noblest subjects were sacrificed. Yet this grand old warrior about to die said, "These are the gods I worship ; whether I do right or wrong I do not know !" He seems a transition character whose sunburnt face almost caught the shine of the coming light which was to brighten the story of his race for eternity. He died in 1819, during those very months in which our mission-

UNDER KING KALAKAUA

aries were rounding Cape Horn to carry the Gospel to his realm.

This man's successor, Kamehameha II, abolished by statute the system of idolatry and cordially welcomed our missionaries. Marvellous transformation of Providence ! Instead of finding a nation of idolaters as they anticipated, they found a people religiously unmoored, their idols dishonored, waiting for some unknown, better thing, and the missionaries brought it to them. Kamehameha II and his 'queen both died of the measles in London while there on a visit to study the principles of English civilization and progress.

The first work of the missionaries was to reduce to writing the simple native language. It has but twelve letters, is musical and liquid, and every syllable ends with a vowel which gives the effect of an always open mouth in speaking. It is not Hon-o-lu-lu but Hō-no-lu-lu. That simple rule is a help to its pronunciation. Natives speak with great rapidity (though the speech of a foreigner always seems swift)

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— and their soft, mellow tones, especially in singing, are plaintive and wonderfully weird and sweet.

As samples of common Hawaiian words I recall Waipio, waioli, Haleakala, Kahului, Lapahoihoi, ohia, ohelo, kukui, lauhala, pilikia, aloha. When I offered a native lady a fan she declined, saying: “O’ oli muckee, muckee!” That is, “No, I thank you!” or words to that effect. A few hundred volumes have been translated into Hawaiian, and Honolulu has a wide-awake Hawaiian newspaper.

Let me explain the use of words in a tongue so simple and limited as this is. The word “pilikia” for instance, means “trouble.” “It is pilikia,” unfortunate, or “I have pilikia,” either a noun or an adjective or an adverb. It applies to the loss of a horse-shoe, the death of a king, or to any trouble, great or small. “Aloha!” is “Good morning,” or “Welcome,” or “Good bye,” or “My love to you;” it is greeting or farewell or simply affection, and if used with “nui,” “Aloha nui,” it is

UNDER KING KALAKAUA

intensified and made superlative. Instead of describing directions as North or South they oftener say "*makai*" "toward the sea" or "*mauka*," "toward the mountain," for each island is one or more mountains rising from the sea.

Five kings successively bore the name of Kamehameha and the dynasty passed out in 1872. "Kalakaua" (nicknamed "Calico") was elected in 1874, for, as the dying king declined his royal right to name his successor and the strain of royal blood was about equal in the veins of Kalakaua and of "Queen Emma" whom the people preferred, there was a mighty struggle for votes in that homeopathic kingdom. When it was announced that the king was elected there was some mob violence and some blood shed, but a little squad of marines from a United States vessel in the harbor, dispersed the insurgents and restored civil order.

It was my privilege to converse with the king on the Long Wharf at Honolulu, while the Royal Band was playing "Hail

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Columbia" in honor of Claus Spreckles who was embarking for home, and the "Zelandia" was hauling her cables for the start to San Francisco.

Kalakaua was a broad-shouldered, brown man approaching sixty, well educated, traveled, social and agreeable, spoke excellent English and was as "genial as a politician in election time."

Later, his reign grew somewhat stormy, and after several years on the throne he undertook a public ceremony of coronation, which was as unpopular as it was ridiculous. He had already reigned ten years. He sent illuminated invitations to all governments of the earth, expending sixty thousand dollars in his preparations. No one came but a few Japanese officials, and the king's pride was wounded.

But the functions of a limited monarchy were carried forward by numerous titled officials in that little "teapot kingdom" as in a nation of millions, and with all gravity they passed most solemn statutes. For instance: their army consisted of



Diamond Head from Kapiolani Park, Honolulu.



DIAMOND HEAD FROM KAPIOLANI PARK, HONOLULU

UNDER KING KALAKAUA

seventy uniformed police, all told ; their artillery, six "four-pounders," unmanned, standing on "Punch Bowl," a round crater overlooking the city ; not a keel of theirs floated a gun, and yet, with due solemnity, they discussed and passed, years ago, a resolution of "non-intervention" in the Turko-Russian war.

Their Senate consisted of fourteen and their lower House of twenty-eight men chosen by popular vote, and they sat generally in joint session, once in two years. "How long are your biennial sessions?" I asked the king. "O, from two to four months," he replied, "according to their obstinacy!"

As the Assembly was part native and part American all speeches and discussions in either tongue were interpreted into the other, the interpreter closely following each speaker, and the audience looking at the one they understood best. A man to be a voter must have an income of seventy-five dollars a year and be able to read and write. I spent some pleasant hours in the

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Assembly room and heard some really fine native speakers. They were natural orators excelling in expressive gestures and eloquent intonation.

Honolulu had no municipal government but all improvements were financed by a general tax on the kingdom, which had that usual appendage of civilized countries, a considerable national debt. (Of course all this is changed since the United States came into control, and Honolulu has become really in many respects an Oriental city, swarming with many thousands of Chinese and Japanese toilers and capitalists.)

Under the old, royal regime, education was compulsory, good schools being provided by the native government, and all acquired a common school education, while many became proficient, especially in mathematics, to which they take more kindly than to literature. Geography, I imagine, came hard, for I invited a rather bright and wealthy half-white, a prosperous citizen of Maui, to visit me in Connecti-

UNDER KING KALAKAUA

cut. "I will," said he. "When may I expect you?" I asked. "Well," said he, "I shall spend the winter in New York and Oregon and about there, and go to Connecticut in the Spring." He never came! This man lost nineteen children, his fortune and his character, and later was a prisoner in the chain-gang, alas! Which reminds me, that intermarriages of natives with Americans are often happy and fruitful, but the second generation either become sterile or die young. Intermarriages between Hawaiian and Chinese or Japanese, however, are prolific and congenial.

In addition to the common school system, there was early established by private enterprise at Punahou, near Honolulu, an excellent college of high grade whose graduates have numbered many natives from the class of noblemen, as well as the white children of missionaries and others.

The Hawaiian people differ widely in character and habits from civilized folk of higher latitudes. With honorable excep-

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tions they are naturally indolent and easy-going, generally lacking those heroic traits which are the glory of New England. Stern, rock-bound coasts and stormy skies, with soil thin and climate severe have made the nation that was born on Plymouth Rock one memorable December day, energetic and flush with manly vigor ; but the Pacific waves languidly lave the coral reefs of her sunny isles, tropical suns smile upon those water-lilies of land all the year round, sheltered gulches and deep volcanic washings produce a wealth of edible vegetation and the balmy air soothes to a dreamy life more of grace and ease than strength. So it is no wonder that men are lazy and women laughing and fat through all their days. At our latitude we are compelled to be provident and to eat our bread by the sweat of our brow ; but how much of our boasted diligence is born of our climate !

There is a native legend that when Satan fell from heaven he landed in the Garden of Eden with such force that he drove through to the opposite side of the globe



TYPICAL HAWAIIAN GIRL



UNDER KING KALAKAUA

the spots on which he struck ; these spots of Eden land, are the Hawaiian Islands.

Then it is no wonder that they return to the habits of our Eden father. Not even a fig-leaf is needed for comfort in that charming, soft air ; why work for a useless wardrobe ? The simplest roof to shed rain is enough ; why toil to build anything more elaborate or substantial ? Ask no fire for its warmth, for sun and sea have created a perfect climate all the year round. Fruits mature every month, supporters of life are abundant in the woods and why should not men live at their ease ? The sterner characters indigenous to colder countries cannot thrive in that dreamy clime. A jolly, careless people they are, everlastingly good-natured, simple as children, and so social that whole families will go visiting their neighbors and stay till everything is eaten up and then move on to pastures new.

The climate which varies with altitude is wonderfully equable. The extremes at Honolulu for twelve years were but thirty-seven degrees apart, with an average of

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seventy-four degrees. At Lahaina for ten years the lowest point touched was fifty-four and the highest eighty-six; less change in ten years than New England can sometimes show in half a day. Even New England blood begins to slow down under that influence, and a real Yankee soon acquires a native's gait. Not an iron rail had been laid or a locomotive whistle heard in 1878; but soon after that Maui had a train that would stop anywhere for a woman with a basket, and now the telephone transmits "Aloha nui" or "O' oli muckee, muckee!" as readily as a Yankee's "Hello!"

Regular inter-island steamship lines are operating, and one morning we were called at two o'clock, and started a half hour later to cross the Neck between Maui and West Maui, seven miles, in an express wagon. We arrived soon after three to catch the steamer which heaved into sight at *half past eight*. Time is of no account to a Hawaiian: but such traits are the result of climate as truly as their color is.

UNDER KING KALAKAUA

As you may have already surmised, they are not the best of workmen, and severe discipline is often needed to make an ordinary kanaka do a good day's work for his master according to Northern standards.

With few exceptions the natives seem not capable of managing a business of much magnitude, and all important matters of finance are in the hands of white capitalists. Physically the Hawaiian is well developed, fully equal in size to the average American. Nobles and women in mature life tend toward obesity. To be large and fleshy is esteemed a gift of God, and in elections the man of largest size has a decided advantage, so they are sure of having "great men" in office. Their color is dark brown, features large, faces round, and teeth white and sound even to old age.

They have a universal custom of sitting. "Mine host" in Honolulu had the family washing done by two native women and it took four days. They brought more or less children from day to day, and two dogs every day. The laundry was an open

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shed and all the work was done by the women sitting on the ground. They sat at their tubs and scrubbed. They spread a board on the ground and sat by it to iron with charcoal burners. If the fire was low they could wait. As a stranger I saluted them ; they were pleased with the attention, and one stopped with the hot iron on a ruffle, whose yellow scorch recorded the length of the stranger's call. They are great lovers of pets, especially dogs, for which they seem to manifest more affection than for children. The latter they are willing to exchange with one another, but the dogs, they are *so* fond of as sometimes to eat them as a last token of personal regard.

The people are simple in their tastes, fond of bathing and of personal decoration, and it is a picturesque sight when they ride past, with their long, black, luxuriant hair waving free, adorned with brilliant lauhala or the crimson flowers of the ohia tree. Neither women nor men are often seen without a "lei" or wreath of brightest flowers about their person.

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Men of rank and education dress in American fashion, but garments grow meagre as you go into the interior, until a suddenly-drawn-on pair of overalls is full dress in presence of a foreigner, while the more common attire is the narrow loin-cloth and a string of flowers.

Apropos to this simple habit, the royal robe of King Kamehameha I. is a marvelous piece of work which rivals the art of the finest civilization. It is a large circular cloak (four and a half by eleven and a half feet—almost four yards round) and is made of tiny feathers woven into an ingenious network so that they lie as smooth as upon the neck of a bird, without a thread visible. The color is most brilliant yellow and the feathers are only found in a small tuft under the wing of a little island bird. This robe is said to have occupied nine successive reigns for its manufacture.

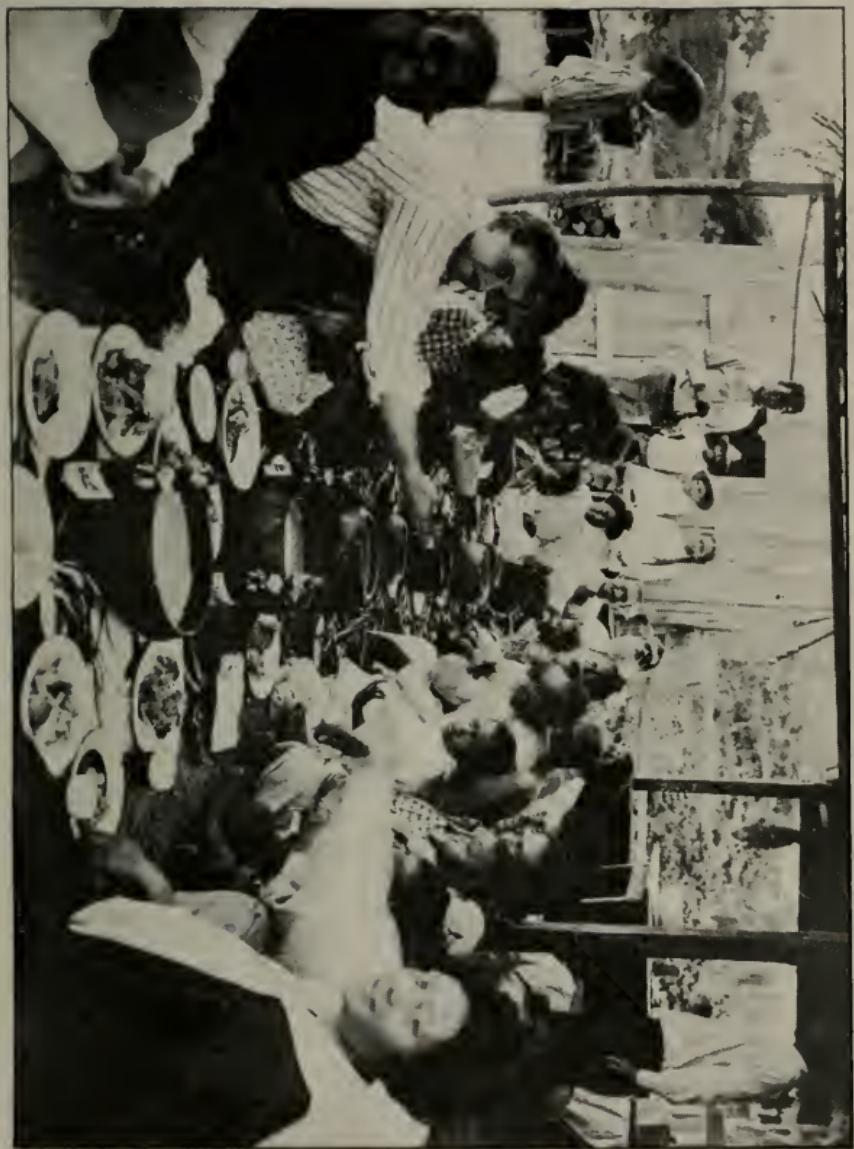
Native huts are made of strips of pole tied together and thatched with grass, usually with one door and often no window, an

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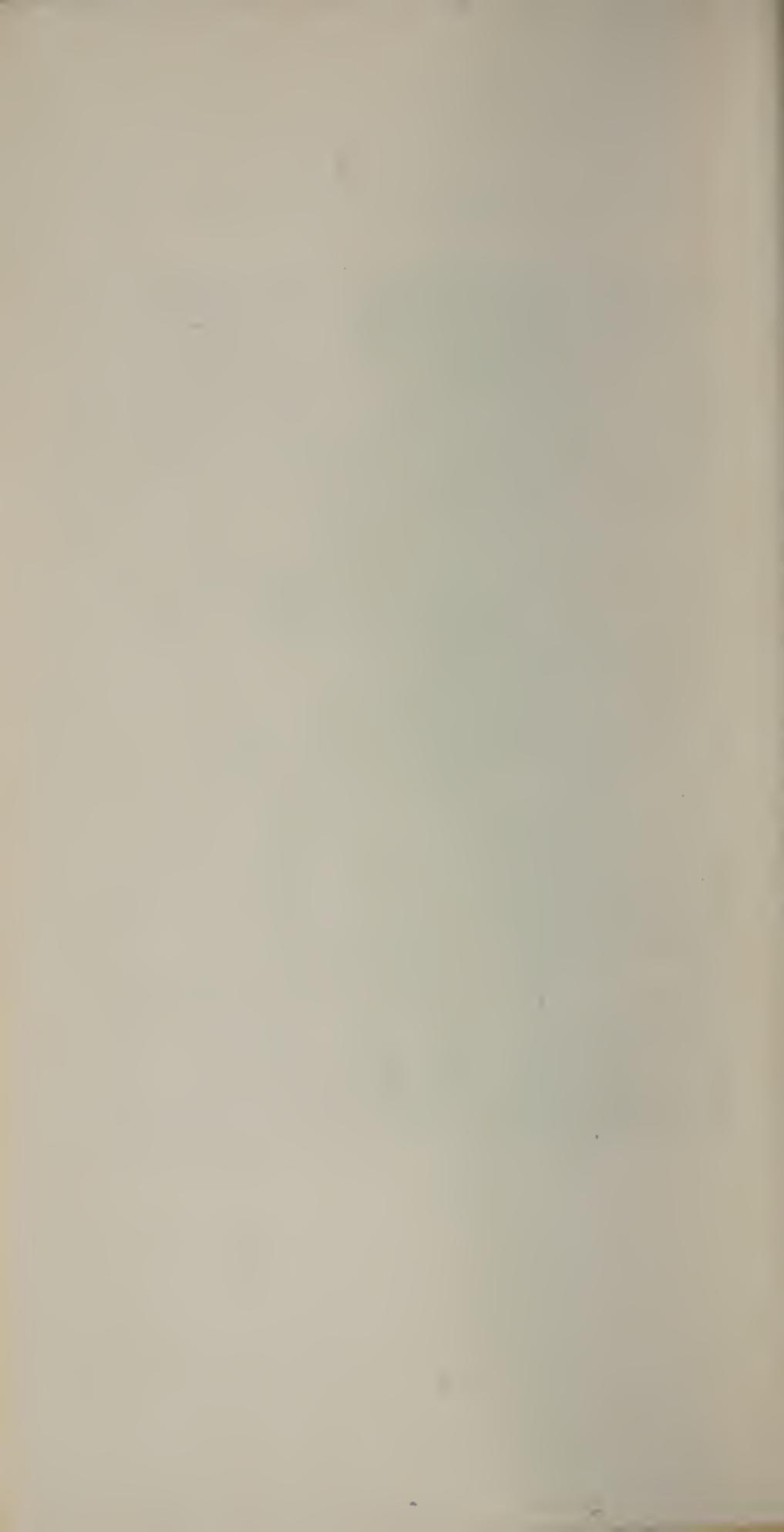
earth floor, no chimney, and they last four or five years. The better class build frame houses and show some taste in decoration.

The food of the natives is very simple, consisting mainly of fruits, half-ripe cocoanuts, mangoes, oranges and bananas of which a dozen kinds are grown there and are an important article for cooking. They are fond of fowl and of pig roasted in a hole in the ground lined with stones. On the stones a fire is built, and when they are well heated, wet grass is thrown in, the meat and vegetables laid on, and the whole covered with grass. Perhaps you had not known before that the most delicious Maine clam-bake came so near to being "heathenish" in its mode of preparation.

But all these are only occasional side-dishes, for the national, universal Hawaiian dish, the "staff of life," is "poi." Native laborers *must* have poi. It is made from "taro," a large beet-like root of the "Caladium Esculentum" grown in the over-marshes; it is most nutritious, and it is said that an area forty feet square will



NATIVE HAWAIIAN "LUAU" OR FEAST



UNDER KING KALAKAUA

grow enough taro to sustain a man for an entire year. The root is baked, then pounded into a thick paste, wrapped in "ti" leaves and thus kept and transported to be used as needed.

When a meal is to be prepared, a small portion of this heavy paste is placed in a calabash, water is slowly added and the whole carefully kneaded until smooth like thick cream. It is better liked when a little soured, and is eaten with the fingers. Its varying consistency is described as "one-finger-poi," "two-finger-poi" or even "three-finger-poi," according to the number of fingers it takes to gather up a mouthful. The whole group sit on the floor around the calabash, each with a piece of fish in one hand and the other free to dip into the common dish. Each deftly twirls his finger in and sucks it off with a smack, tasting the fish between times as a relish. Salt fish is often used, but they like fresh better, *very* fresh indeed. Wandering on the beach one early morning waiting for a steamer before daylight,

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I saw a native man with two grown daughters come from a near-by hut to catch their breakfast. The father took one end of a long strip of net and waded into the shallow waters of the bay while one held the shore end, and the other made frantic splashings to drive the fish into the net. Once drawn, they gathered around and sat down to assort the catch, throwing out the seaweed and putting the fish into the calabash or gourd-shell. But, look! those wriggling fish did look so good, and as they had had no breakfast yet — pardon the hungry girls — every now and then one would slip a fine fellow five or six inches long into her mouth head first and chew him appetizingly down as a cat a mouse, inch by inch. Have we reason to think they like their fish fresh?

Leaving Maui we boarded the inter-island steamer for Hilo, and found on deck the man I longed most of all to see, the Rev. Titus Coan, famous early missionary to Hawaii. On one occasion when he returned to the United States he was intro-



POUNDING "POI"

UNDER KING KALAKAUA

duced at a Boston dinner as "The King of the volcanoes and Manager of earthquakes at the Sandwich Islands!" We shall see more of him presently.

While rocked by the channel waves let me speak of the means of inter-island communication. When only native schooners crossed, the voyage used to occupy from three to six weeks from Honolulu to Hilo and return, a trip now made in four days by a plucky Yankee steamer. Desiring once to go from Hilo to Honolulu, when no steamer was running, I took passage on a little sugar-laden native vessel of sixty-eight tons, with not a white man on board, only poi to eat, a fragment of old sail spread on the hatchway for a bed, the waves constantly washing the deck, for she was laden to the water's edge, and it rained and rained! At last she landed me, grateful for my life, and with a keen memory of a day and a night with unknown brown men on the deep.

But now we are approaching the windward side of the island, Hawaii. Lava

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cliffs rise sheer from the waves two hundred to a thousand feet high, over which leap cascades into the sea such as cannot be imagined for beauty. At times we could see six of these at a view, fed by the tremendous rainfall in the mountains, for it has been known to rain fourteen feet of solid water in a single year at Hilo.

Now we round the last point and behold that semi-circle of beauty, the cocoanut-fringed Bay of Hilo, never to be forgotten for its charm, and not less for the tales told by Father Coan of what happened on its sloping shores under his own eye. Successive tidal waves have come unheralded and devastated that fair city front. On one occasion the sea rose fifteen feet above high water mark in an instant, and carried houses, stores and struggling victims out to sea, in its reflux, to the great loss of lives and property. And yet the hazy atmosphere is so soft, the eternal summer sea so peaceful in its ripple on the smooth sand, that one could listen to any tale of disaster by ocean or earthquake or volcano and lie



COAST SCENE, ISLAND OF HAWAII

UNDER KING KALAKAUA

down on the soft grass in perfect peace, and feel "Oh! it cannot be here!" But we shall see. We breakfast on meat, fried bananas, boiled taro root and luscious figs from the tree at the garden gate, mangoes for dessert and coffee from the plantation over the hill yonder.

With "Father Coan's" grey horse, newly shod, with saddle and spurs, rubber coat and saddle-bags and plenty of courage and curiosity, we started on the twenty-nine miles climb to the crater of Kilauea. What we saw there of the bottomless pit, the lake which the natives call Halemaumau, or "House of everlasting burning," the molten lava, forests of ferns springing quick from the warm crevasse, herds of wild cattle often sighted afar, mountain goats aloft on the lava ridges, we have already described. It is a rare chamber of art in God's inimitable studio.

The story of the redemption of Hawaii remains. It covers but a single generation, from 1820 to 1853. Only thirty-three years from the landing of the first mission-

THE HAWAIIAN ISLANDS

ary to the accomplished evangelization of the race and the withdrawal of missionary aid. It was indeed a signal instance of a "nation born in a day."

In round numbers we spent a million dollars, and sent out a hundred and forty Christian workers; the result? Seventy thousand men and women baptized, nearly all of whom have gone to sing the new song in their Father's house. One in four of the present population (1878) are members of the church. New England cannot match that after two hundred and fifty years of Gospel privilege.

Father Coan alone received upwards of twelve thousand into his church at Hilo, married over three thousand couples and baptized forty-five hundred infants.

If we seek returns in kind for our outlay, the church in Hilo, during Father Coan's life, contributed a hundred thousand dollars for missionary work beyond, and sent twelve of its members as foreign missionaries to the South Sea Islands. Dwindled and reduced by repeated colonization, the

UNDER KING KALAKAUA

annual gifts of that Hilo church averaged \$1,200. I saw the monthly concert offering taken. Every man, woman and child marched down the aisle and past the table where the venerable missionary sat, and each laid a gift upon the table; poor people they were, but their gifts exceeded a hundred dollars for that month alone.

I sat in Mr. Coan's cool parlor looking out on the sea, while bananas waved their broad leaves at his door, and the fragrant air played with the grand old man's white locks upon a head massive, intellectual, like the classic outline of Daniel Webster's, and fanned a face, fairly glowing with Christian peace and likeness to his Divine Master. And then I heard him pray,—as if the door were wide open into the kingdom and he were speaking into the ear of his heavenly Lover; the only prayer I ever heard that lasted a full half hour and I sincerely wished might continue. He pleaded, O how tenderly! for his scattered people there, for his old New England friends, and for his transient guest,—aye! and for

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all the round world, for, though secluded in that tiny isle, he was broad and cosmopolitan to a wonderful degree.

And then he told of such scenes of apostolic benediction as had never been since Pentecost, and of such terrific tumblings of the earth crust, such tearing and bursting of the internal fires of Mauna Loa, that he held me spellbound far into the night, speaking in his quiet dignity of things which mortals seldom see and live. I could only think of Moses of old when he came down with shining face from the mountain where he had seen God.

Father Coan and Father Lyman had Eastern Hawaii for their field and the evangelization of fifteen thousand native heathen for their task, and they wrought it well. Three hundred miles in circumference, Hawaii was traversed again and again by these men on foot, preaching from two to four times each day in successive native villages. There was not a horse on the island, and often they swam streams with ropes round their waists or were let down

UNDER KING KALAKAUA

and drawn up otherwise inaccessible cliffs by natives. Their success increased as they learned the language and habits until in 1839, the people cried for "more Gospel!" They requested the missionaries to cease their itinerary and remain in Hilo, and they would themselves move in. From a population of one thousand, the city swelled in a few weeks to ten thousand men and women who came and built their little grass huts and made it their business to hear the Gospel. The conch-shell would call together from four to six thousand hearers, and for two full years these faithful men preached three times each day to vast and eager throngs. It was not idle hearing: the first Sunday in July, 1838, was a glad day in Hilo: seventeen hundred and five converted men and women whose evidence of intelligent faith could not be doubted,—the pick of many,—were gathered and seated in rows on the grass, surrounded by a multitude of interested spectators. The missionaries read to them a simple creed, viz.: "You do now truly

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and earnestly repent of your sins and steadfastly purpose to lead new lives in Christ Jesus?" To this they solemnly assented; these godly men then passed forth and back between the long rows of devout disciples, sprinkled each bowed head with water and said, amid the perfect but tearful silence, "I baptize you all into the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost,—Amen!" and then the Holy Communion was administered, within sight of the distant volcano, to twenty-four hundred Christian communicants! Pentecost indeed! And I saw many, with grey locks on their brown brows but with souls white within, who were born then and there and have proven their royal son-ship unto this day. It was touching to sit and worship with those dark-skinned believers in their own church whose timbers were dragged by hand from the forest, miles away: whose foundation stones were brought by brawny arms, and the lime for whose mortar was lifted by divers from coral reefs beneath the sea. I tried to ad-

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dress the congregation, with Father Coan interpreting, but the odd, liquid, mellow tones of his voice quite disconcerted my thought and I said in despair, "I think you will have to finish this," and he did !

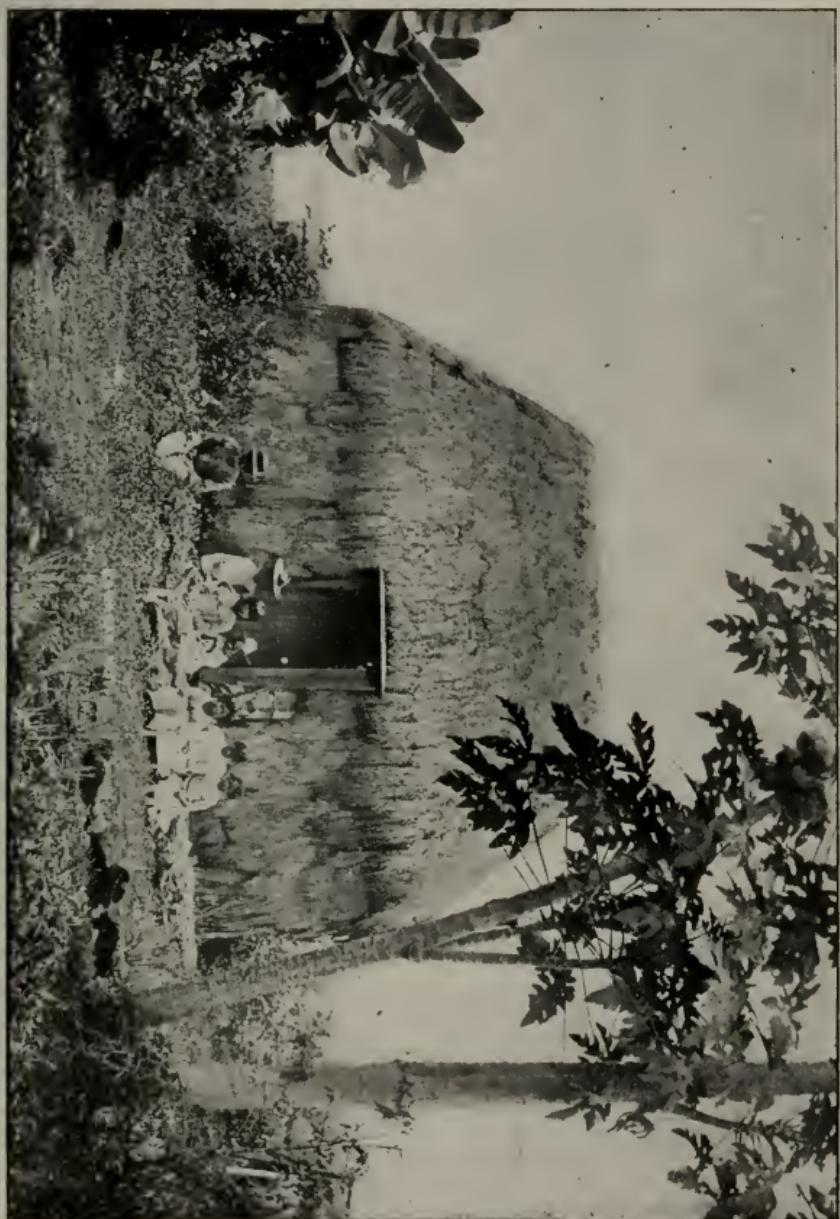
One of the early converts bears the honored name of "Paul," and after praying in the Hawaiian tongue for me and for other sinners and saints, he said : "When you get back to your people please give them Paul's love!" I give you the tender message now. Many and hearty hand-shakes testified their cordiality, and with extreme reverence and affection they hung upon Father Coan's words as he told them over and over the story of peace through Jesus Christ.

Would you ask, What has the Christian faith done for the native character? It has transformed it. Generations of licentiousness cannot be regenerated in a day, and we should not expect these simple children of the sea to develop a sanctity which we look for in vain in the homes of favored New England ; but in spite of testimony to

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the contrary from careless observers and from hearsay, I gladly affirm that the Hawaiians are an eternal witness to the power of Christ to renew and revolutionize the life of low-down men. Some relapse, even as some white men do within our parishes, but the nation is regenerate. Life is easy and luxurious. White society is excellent, but there is little social intermingling of the races. Worship is separate, and so are most occupations, the white being employers and the natives employed, as a general rule. The nobles are finely educated abroad, but the common people simply "grow." O, but a perpetually sunny face, though brown, is like a sweet song, and the echoes are ringing in my ears on chilly days, telling again of that land whose waves always smile in breakers or ever they come to the beach, and whose simple, careless, happy people have caught the joy, and live and die amid the ripples under an ever smiling sky.

And now I have hardly more than introduced you to a few of these chestnut-



NATIVE GRASS HUT, NOW RARE IN HAWAII



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brown men and women whom we might meet in a half hour's walk, and have chatted about them between introductions, as folk do, and it is about time for the last page to be written. Do not forget that you have met these people; and that when men come "from the East and the West, and the North and the South" to sit down in the kingdom of God, you, if you are there, will see many thousands of these children of the sea, wearing crowns they never would have worn but for the self-denying toil and prayer of such godly men as our devoted missionaries have been.

In closing I must tell you of some scenes witnessed in Hilo by Father Coan touching the giant volcano, Mauna Loa, as related to me in his summer parlor by that venerable man who probably knew more about volcanoes and their secrets than any man then living. Alas! that he so early left us, carrying many secrets with him into the beyond!

In 1837, November 7, the crescent sand beach bounding Hilo harbor, "with its

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fringe of palms and groves, and the great ocean slept in summer calm." Four sermons had been preached that day, one on the text, "Be ye also ready." The natives were singing hymns out of doors and Mr. Coan had gathered his family for evening worship, when suddenly there came a sound as of some enormous body striking the shore with tremendous force, followed by shrieks and groans. It was soon seen that a gigantic tidal wave had struck the coast, and, wrecking homes, had swept out to a watery grave an uncounted multitude of men and women.

In 1855, Mauna Loa evolved a mighty eruption, and 'mid glare, and subterranean thunders, poured volumes of molten lava from its summit crater. This time it moved straight toward the city of Hilo. Seven months it flowed, now swiftly, now halting to fill up some low level of out-lying plain. From five to five hundred feet deep, from a half mile to three miles wide, the nearing, devastating deadly torrent of fire crept steadily on toward the doomed



COUNTRY SCENE IN HAWAII

UNDER KING KALAKAUA

city. It would flow through a great forest, and presently one by one the giant trees would fall, eaten off by the devouring lava, and in a few hours not a trace of the forest would remain above the seething surface. The flow was within two weeks of their homes. A day of fasting and prayer was set apart throughout the realm and vessels were in the offing to convey people to a place of safety when the crisis came. Father Coan preached a Fast day sermon, and led the prayers of a vast terror-stricken assembly of six thousand people; an honest, hearty "Amen!" sixty hundred strong, endorsed his petition. With a small party he then visited the on-coming stream and camped that night upon its margin. Slowly, in terrible march it came, and at daybreak next morning he left it pouring over a precipice into a deep pool of water boiling and licked up by its tongue of flame. It filled that pool but it *never overflowed*, and you cannot find a native old enough to remember, who does not *know* that Father Coan's prayers

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checked the flow, extinguished the fires of Mauna Loa and saved the city of Hilo !

The most fearful eruption was in 1868. On the 27th of March began an unprecedented series of earthquakes ; then the terminal crater of Mo-kua-weo-weo blazed red into the heavens, and steam, smoke and ashes issued in gigantic columns ; four lava streams began to flow. Intense interest attended these phenomena. Suddenly the rivers congealed, the summit fires died away and the blue outline of the giant cone stood cold and clear again against the sky. Ah ! but it was not sleeping. Such a quivering, trembling, throbbing of the earth began as seems almost incredible. It continued five days and nights unabated. The motion grew daily more intense and violent. "The crust of the earth rose and sank like the sea in a gale." He showed me where the earth opened, — huge seams gaped in the very streets of the city — rocks were rent, buildings shattered, animals thrown to the ground, and earthquakes followed one another in unbroken succes-

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sion. A person lying on the ground would be rolled over and over; trees thrashed about as in a strong wind. The south shore settled from four to six feet and villages were swallowed up. At last, on the second day of April, it ended by the bursting out of a stream of lava through a new fissure two miles long in one of the old, settled and populated districts forty miles away from the mountain, and flowed into the sea. This unparalleled disturbance had been caused by that mighty stream of lava *ploughing its way* for twenty-five miles underground until it found vent. Four thousand acres of valuable land was buried and a half mile added to the contour of the island, built out into the deep sea.

There seems little regularity to the eruptions, though approximating one in about eleven years.

When the next disaster shall occur, no man dare predict. Fair Hilo may some day be classed with Herculaneum and Pompeii among the buried cities of the world. We have only the story of a

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century, an hour of God's time! O, Thou who "taketh up the isles as a very little thing," "What is man that Thou art mindful of him!"

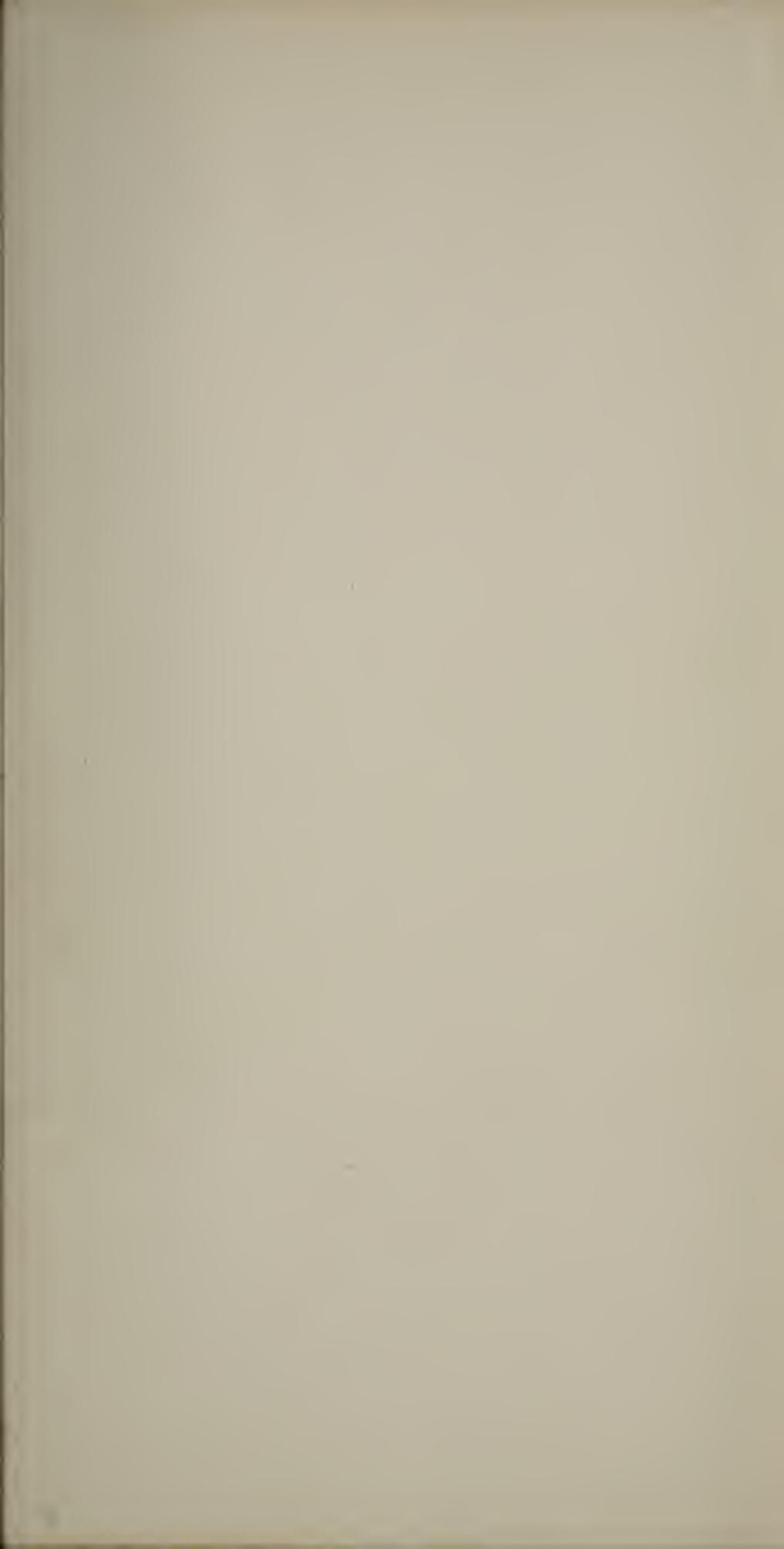
But our good ship *Zelandia* is already hauling her cables for San Francisco. The cheery "Aloha" is ringing from deck and wharf and we are off. Our dream of the tropics is over.

Now the islands lie astern. Their amethystine peaks studding the golden sea, are watching the setting sun and our flying ship. Farewell! Hawaii! Farewell to the sunny land and the happy people. Farewell to its unrivalled beauties and dread baptisms of fire. Farewell to Father Coan and all the kanakas! Aloha nui, Isles of the Pacific! Aloha nui, fair reader! And may you some day have the good fortune to buy a ticket to Honolulu and enjoy one of the rarest dreams of travel ever offered the ambitious tourist!

THE END.









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